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# The Frost Spirit



by  
John G. Whittier



THE FROST SPIRIT.  
WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY  
✓  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.  
||



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## THE FROST SPIRIT.

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He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace  
his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown  
hill's wither'd brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their  
pleasant green came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken  
them down to earth.







He comes—he comes— the Frost Spirit comes ! —from the frozen  
Labrador—

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear  
wanders o'er—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms  
below

In the sunless cold of the atmosphere into marble statues grow !









He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing  
Northern blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have bow'd as his fearful breath  
went past.

With an unscorch'd wing he has hurried on, where the fires of  
Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.





He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! and the quiet  
lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skaters'  
heel ;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to  
the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence  
pass.





He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes !—let us meet him as  
we may,

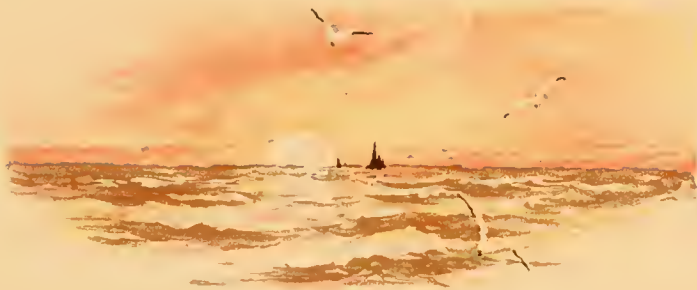
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away ;

And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances  
high,

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding  
wing goes by.



## THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.



"It hath beene as it were especially rendered unto mee and made plaine and legible to my understandynge that a great worshipp is going on among the thyngs of God."—*Gratt.*

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The Ocean looketh up to Heaven,  
As 't were a living thing,  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
As bends the human knee,  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The Priesthood of the Sea !







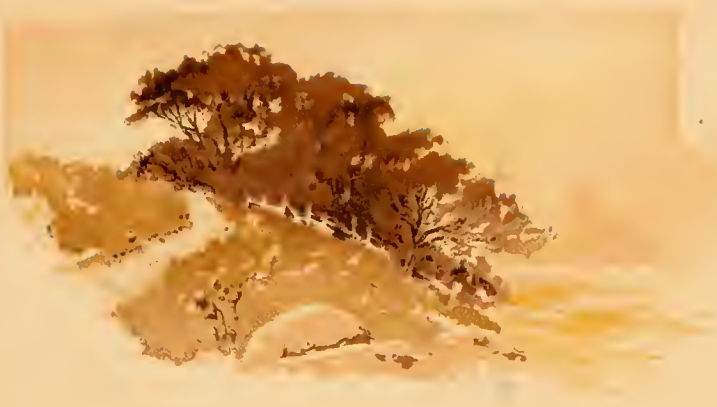


They pour the glittering treasures out  
Which in the deep have birth,  
And chant their awful hymns about  
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up  
From every mountain shrine,  
From every flower and dewy cup  
That greeteth the sunshine.







The mists are lifted from the rills  
Like the white wing of prayer,  
They lean above the ancient hills  
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd  
On Nature as on men.







The sky is as a temple's arch,  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious with the spirit-march  
Of messengers of prayer.





The clouds weep o'er the fallen world  
E'en as repentant love ;  
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurl'd  
They fade in light above.



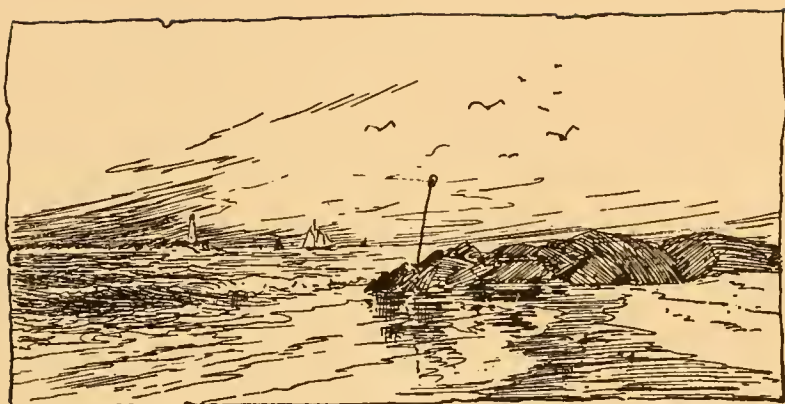




The gentle moon—the kindling sun—  
The many stars are given,  
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—  
The altar-fires of Heaven !























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